

The Historie of

And our indentures tripartite are drawne
Which being sealed enterchangeably,
(A busines that this night may execute :)
To morrow coosen *Percy* you and I
And my good Lord of *Worcester* will set forth,
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed vs at *Shrewsbury*.
My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his helpe these fourteene dayes;
Within that space, you may haue drawne together.
Your tenants, friendes and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glen. A shorter time shall fend me to you, Lords
And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whome you now must steale and take no leaue,
For there will be a world of water shed,
Vpon the parting of your wiues and you.

Hor. Me thinkes my moiety *North* from *Burton* here
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this riuer comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge halfe Moone, a mostrous scantle out:
He haue the currant in this place damd vp,
And here the smug and siluer *Trent* shall run,
In a new channell, faire and euenly,
It shall not wind with such a deepe indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottome here.

Glen. Not wind? it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mor. Yea, but marke how he beares his course, and runs me
vp, with like aduantage on the other side, gelding the opposed
continent, as much, as on the other side, it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this Northside, win this cape of land
And then he runs straight and euen,

Hor. He haue it so, a little charge will do it.

Glen. He not haue it alred.

Hor. Will not you?

Glen. No, nor you shall not.

Hor. Who shall say me nay?

Henry the fourth.

Glen. Why, that Will I,

Hor. Let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in *welsh*.

Glen. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you,
For I was traind vp in the English Court,
Where, being but yong, I framed to the harpe
Many an English dittie, souly well,
And gaue the tongue a helpefull ornament:
A vertue that was neuer seene in you,

Hor. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Then one of these same miter ballet-mongers:
I had rather heare a brasen canstick turnd,
Or a dry wheele grat on the axle-tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing so much as minsing Poetry:
Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling nag.

Glen. Come you shall haue *Trent* turnd.

Hor. I do not care, He giue thrice so much land
To any well deseruing friend:
But in the way of bargaine, marke yeme:
He cauill on the ninth part of a haire.
Are the indentures drawne? shall we be gone?

Glen. The Moone shines faire, you may away by night:
He haue the writer, and withall,
Breake with your wiues, of your departure hence,
I am a fraide my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her *Mortimer*.

Mor. Fie, coosen *Percy*, how you crosse my father.

Hor. I cannot chuse, sometime he angers me
With telling me of of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of the dreamer *Merlin* and his prophecies:
And, of a dragon and a finlesse fish,
A clip-wingd Griffin and a moulten Rauon,
A couching Lion, and a ramping Cat,
And such a deale of Skimble skamble stuffe,
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me last night, at least, nine houres,
In reckning vp the seuerall diuels names.